

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, Iacke.  
*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buck-  
rom that I told thee of.  
*Prin.* So, two more already.  
*Fals.* Their points being broken.  
*Poin.* Downe fell his hose.  
*Fals.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came  
in, foot, and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.  
*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two:  
*Fals.* But as the deuill would haue it, three misbegotten knaues  
in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let drue at me, for it  
was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.  
*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets thē, grosse as  
a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou  
knotty-pated foole, thou lioreson obscene greasie tallow-catch.  
*Fals.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the trueth the  
trueth?  
*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall  
green, whē it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come  
tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?  
*Poin.* Come your reason, Iacke, your reason.  
*Fals.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the  
strappado, or all the rackes in the worlde, I would not tel you on  
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were  
as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon  
compulsion, I.  
*Prince.* He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine  
coward, this bedpreffer, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge  
hull of flesh.  
*Fa.* Zbloud you starueling, you elskin, you dried neatstoūg, you  
bullpizzel, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee!  
you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile stāding tuck.  
*Prin.* Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou  
hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, heare me speake, but this.  
*Poynes.* Marke, Iacke.  
*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure, & bound them, and  
were masters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall  
put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a  
worde,

worde, outfact you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew  
it you here in the house: and Falstaffe, you carried your guts a-  
way as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and  
stil run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou  
to hacke thy sword as thou hast done? & then say it was in fight.  
What tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now  
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?  
*Poin.* Come, let's heare. Iacke, what tricke hast thou now?  
*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee.  
Why, heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kill the heire ap-  
parant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou know-  
est, I am as valiant, as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the lyon  
will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was  
a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and  
chee, during my life; I, for a valiant lyon, and thou, for a true  
Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money.  
Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow,  
gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellow-  
ship come to you. What, shall we bee merrie, shall we haue  
a play extempore?  
*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.  
*Fa.* A, no more of that, Hal, & thou louest me. *Enter hostesse.*  
*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince is come.  
*Prin.* How now, my lady the hostesse, what saist thou to mee?  
*Ho.* Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at doore,  
would speake with you: he sayes, he comes from your Father.  
*Prin.* Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and  
send him backe againe to my mother.  
*Fal.* What manner of man is he?  
*Ho.* An old man.  
*Fal.* What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I  
giue him his answer?  
*Prin.* Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and ile send him packing.  
*Exit.*  
*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so  
did you Bardol, you are lions to, you ran away vpon instinct,  
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.  
*Bar.* Faith, I ran, when I saw others runne.  
E  
*Prin.*